

The *Staffordshire* *M A I D.*



COME all ye young gallants and listen awhile,
I'll tell you a story will make you to smile,
It is of a bold young Staffordshire maid,
Her part with a rogue of a tinker she play'd.

At Yarmouth this damsel did live as we hear,
Along with a Farmer the space of a Year,
But being desirous her parents to see,
She gave her master warning for to go away.

Her master in wages paid her four pound,
She put it in her box, with head cloaths and gown,
And having a box for to hold her cloaths,
With her box on her head from her master she goes.

She had not been got from the town half a mile,
Before a bold tinker met her at a stile;
When smiling in her face unto her he said,
Where are you going my charming maid.

I am going to Hurley, where my parents do dwell,
Then reply'd the tinker I know them full well,
But be ruled by me the tinker did say,
You'll surely be rob'd if you go the highway.

If you turn to the right it will be the same,
Then be ruled by me, and go strait down this lane;
It is round about, yet better he said,
Than for to be robbed my charming fair maid.

She thanked the tinker and went on her way,
Soon called to her, and bid her to stay,

I'm going down this lane the space of a mile,
Poor girl she little thought that he would her beguile.

Down the lane the maid and the tinker did walk,
Diverting each other with innocent talk,
Until they came to a lonesome place,
Then the tinker look'd her so sly in the face.

What is in your box come tell unto me;
And taking it from her demanded the key:
She said she had lost it, with tears in her eyes,
A long pike staff the tinker laid by.

And while he was busy to open the lock,
With the same she gave him a damnable knock.
The knock that she gave him let him to know,
Her staff it was ready to give t'other blow.

Another she gave him on the side of the head,
The blood it run down she left him for dead,
And said, lie there villain, and rogue in thy heart,
Thy traitorous actions have met their desert.

So taking her box on her head once again,
And as she was walking down the long lane,
There she met a Gentleman, who did her intreat,
And ask'd her the favour to open the gate.

To open the gate that his horse might go through,
And as the gentleman nigh to her drew,
He said, to whom doth that box on your head belong,
To master or mistress, or have you done wrong.

No i've done no wrong, but a crime that's as ill,
For I do believe that a man I have kill'd,
Come shew me the man he strait to her said,
And I will protect you from danger fair maid.

She shew'd him the place where the tinker lay dead,
A long stream of blood was run down from his head.
In his budget was pistols with powder and ball,
And likewise a whistle his companions to call.

Likewise a hanger he had by his side,
A large pair of spurs if occasion to ride.
He said fair damsel you might have been abused,
These are odd sort of tools for a tinker to use.

He said fair maid have you courage to stand,
To fire a Pistol when dangers at hand.
She said, fir I have, and never will start,
When dangers at hand I will soon play my part.

Then he took the whistle and gave such a blow,
As made the groves ring, and the thieves to crow,
In a few minutes the villains did appear,
And seeing what was done began for to swear.

They would be revenged, then the maid without dread,
She cocked her pistol, and killed one stone dead,
Another bold villain the gentleman shot,
Who fell to the ground stone dead on the spot.

Another bold villain he seeing what was done,
He took to his heels and away he did run,
The gentleman pursu'd and brought him to town,
When the truth of the matter was quickly made known.

The Jailer to th' Assizes is come as 'tis said,
And for this money brave girl shall be paid,
Full fifty bright guineas she made it appear,
Besides the effects in the budget we hear.

Now all the brave lads they were in a strife,
Who should gain this brave girl for a Wife,
But none of them all was ordained so right,
As he who made her a Lady so bright.

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